

Surjit Paatar

- 19 poems -

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Surjit Paatar (14 January 1945 -)

Surjit Patar is a Punjabi language writer and poet of East Punjab (India). He debuted in 1960s.

Biography

Dr Surjit Patar is a renowned Punjabi poet. He obtained a Masters degree from Punjabi University, Patiala and then a Ph.D in Literature on "Transformation of Folklore in Guru Nanak Vani" from Guru Nanak Dev University, Amritsar. He then joined the academic profession and retired as Professor of Punjabi from Punjab Agricultural University, Ludhiana. He started writing poetry in mid-sixties. Among his works of poetry are "Hawa Vich Likhe Harf" (Words written in the Air), "Birkh Arz Kare" (Thus Spake the Tree), "Hanere Vich Sulagdi Varnmala" (Words Smouldering in the Dark), "Lafzaan Di Dargah" (Shrine of Words), "Patjhar Di Paze" (Anklet of Autumn) and Surzameen (Music Land).

He has translated into Punjabi the three tragedies of [Federico García Lorca](http://www.poemhunter.com/federico-garc-a-lorca/), the play Nag Mandala of Girish Karnad, and poems of [Bertolt Brecht](http://www.poemhunter.com/bertolt-brecht/) and [Pablo Neruda](http://www.poemhunter.com/pablo-neruda/). He has also adapted plays from Jean Giradoux, [Euripides](http://www.poemhunter.com/euripides/) and [Racine](http://www.poemhunter.com/jean-racine/). He has written tele-scripts on Punjabi poets from Sheikh Farid to [Shiv Kumar Batalvi](http://www.poemhunter.com/shiv-kumar-batalvi/).

He has held the office of the President, Punjabi Sahit Akademi, Ludhiana.

Filmography

Surjit Patar has written the dialogues of the Punjabi movie Shaheed Uddham Singh: Alais Ram Mohammad Singh Azad, the movie which is made on the life of Uddham Singh. He also wrote dialogues for Punjabi version of Deepa Mehta's movie Heaven on Earth.

Awards

1993: Sahitya Akademi Award for Hanere vich Sulghdi Varnmala
1999: Panchnad Puruskar by Bhartiya Bhasha Parishad, Kolkata
2009: Saraswati Samman (India's highest literary award) by K.K.Birla foundation for "Lafzan Di Dargah"

2012: Padma Shri Award in the field of Literature and Education (fourth highest civilian award in the Republic of India)

Aiya Nand Kishore

My language is one the verge of death
Each word, each sentence gasps for breath.
In such a hopeless situation
Only God may save my language!
Of my language,
How can even God be the savior?
Deserted by hungry generation,
God, Himself, gasps for breath,
Under His benign protection
Lies my language, gasping, dying,
By God!
On the verge of death lies my language.

It may happen otherwise,
Face to face with suicidal situations,
Reckoning with homicidal challenges,
More deserving of life,
More living may fare my language.

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Candles

Light these candles.
Rise, light these candles.
There will remain,
These quarrelsome winds,
But you should light these candles.

May darkness not think the moon scared.
May night not think the sun dead.
Light these lamps to honor life.
Rise, light these candles.

Granted, the night's reign may be stubborn,
But rays of light still survive.
On dark pages, verses revealing life.
Rise, light these candles.

These cruel whirlwinds will remain,
The fall will shake away the leaves,
But this does not mean that new leaves will not grow.
Rise, light these candles.

Unafraid of the poison that spreads daily in the wind,
Nature continues to do its duty,
Of transforming poison into nectar.
Rise, light these candles.

Girls, do not cry, this is the time of Rahiras.
Do not linger on death, reflect upon the passage of time.
These difficulties will pass away.
Rise, light these candles.

Surjit Paatar

Deewey

Surjit Paatar

Dhukhda Jungle

Surjit Paatar

Faasla

Surjit Paatar

Gull

Surjit Paatar

Hanere vich sulagdi Varanmala

When do I say don't ask for justice?
Or, for your rights, do not fight?
But recognize the enemy
And don't sever your own limbs

Do not dishonor your wings
In this unnecessary flight
Against sorrows we have to fight
Against poverty we have to fight
Those who exploit with the pretext of protection,
We have to fight against them

I offer my life on the edge of your sword
Who can refuse its importance?

Take care of it, keep it well burnished
Keeps its edge well honed
In the darkness writing light
Keep it like a blaze for fire
There are times when
The sword alone is a scribe

Yet why walk the distance already walked
The road ahead is sufficiently heavy?

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Haneri

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Hun Gharan Nu Paratna

Surjit Paatar

Ikk Pall

Surjit Paatar

Ikk Tu Nahin Si

Surjit Paatar

Khoob Ne Eh Jhanjaraan

Surjit Paatar

Ki Hai Tere Shehar

Surjit Paatar

Laggi Nazar Punjab Nu

Surjit Paatar

Main Suna Je

Surjit Paatar

Sach Da Inkshaaf

Surjit Paatar

Shaheed

Surjit Paatar

Taaj

Surjit Paatar

Ulji Payi Hai

Surjit Paatar